



Of salt and sand



32 1 3

Chapter 1 by Devin Lawrence

The cave. It was the first thing she saw when the muddled darkness trapping her conscious in the realm of slumber finally retreated, and the fog of terror that had clenched her heart seemingly just moments ago with it.

She could still recall it all though, projecting across the silver screen of her mind like some awful silent film her father had taken her to see at the cinema as a girl- The shouts of her fellow passengers, the freezing chill of the sea torrenting over the side and onto the deck, the sensation of the entire vessel listing port, the hole gaping in the bow below cordially inviting ever more of the ocean into it's innards, The desperate yet futile shouts of the captain as for just the briefest moments, the head of the U-boat broke the wake in the distance -Yes, she recalled it clear as crystal; and she likely wouldn't forget any time soon.

She arose to her feet, shakily as her breath caught in her throat. Her body ached, her clothes were drenched. Her side burned as if lit by fire; the sting of mingled salt and air did not help the matter. Her hair hung in damp, heavy strings before her olive complexion faced.

Esmerelda took stock of her surroundings. The heavy inks of darkness were too thick for her

eyes to penetrate, but she could hear the crash of waves nearby, slow, monotonous, predictable as ever. It almost reminded her of the sea when she was a child, walking the golden shores of her home, but these waves were different, darker, more menacing. It was a reminder of her likely fate.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

A faint light shone in the distance. A soft glow of sapphire, burning against slick, glistening rock, trickling streams of seawater illuminated in motion by it's hue. She stumbled towards the soothing blue, ribs burning the moment she started, every breath she took stinging more than the last; with the luminescence shining just ahead, she could why.

Something other than sea water drenched her side, where the stinging was. From her rib cage, all the way to the bottom of her blouse. dark blotches of crimson blossomed all along the fabric, a field of red against a once white background.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



A ship is sunk by a german U-boat...

Even though she was in extreme pain, she was drawn toward the sapphire glow... it seemed almost magical. Despite her instincts telling her to go towards the sound of the waves... she headed deeper into the cave. The glow called to her. Finally she began to see it more clearly. It was coming out of a small circular window... but it was no building, it appeared to be an old U-boat... a German submarine. She immediately began looking for a way in. After minutes of searching the decrepit old vessel, she found an open hatch.

She slid herself into the rusty hole, and down a slimy metal ladder. She came to a hallways that seemed infested with skeletons in old military uniforms. She ignored that however, like a moth to the flame, she continued down the hallway towards the blue glow. Finally she reached the room it was coming from... the room was full of treasure, gold coins, crowns, jewels... finally she laid her eyes on it. A necklace with a blue sapphire encased in a silver shell, it had a delicate silver chain. Turning it over she saw an inscription 'You shall always be my home, OZ'. She thought it was quite romantic as she slid the necklace over her head. Suddenly the world was spinning. She thought it was blood loss, but suddenly everything started changing... by the time it was done she was laying in grass, surrounded by jungle... vines, flowers, huge trees... so much green, so much life... Ironical that she thought she would die here. Looking down at her wound though, she began to panic! She was green! She began screaming and crying.

This attracted the attention of the local wildlife though and soon she was surprised to see several monkeys come out of the jungle. They were not normal monkeys however, they had large white wings. She thought she died, she thought she was going to die.

"Excuse me ma'am, are you hurt? Do you need help?" the monkey said.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Esmerelda fainted.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

i You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account